



The Historie of Henrie the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
Westmerland, with others.*

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of newbroiles
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote :
No more the thirstie entrance of this soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens
No more shal' trenching Warre channel her fields, (blood:
Nor bruse her floures with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beseeming ranckes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes,
The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
No more shall cut his Maister : therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse,
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Foorthwith a power of *English* shall we leuy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fieldes,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

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